

We pick up the story in Part 1 as Howard has got Peri across to the boat, pretending he is going to give her spending money for her trip to Morocco with those nice English guys she has met. Actually he has other ideas. In this version, Peri is wearing only her pink bikini, and she's impatient to get away. As soon as they are aboard the boat, she asks, 'Aren't you going to fetch your wallet?'

'Maybe, honey. But first there's something I need you to fetch from your cabin. Go get your hairbrush.'

'No, Howard, no,' protests Peri ineffectually.

'I mean it. Come on, fetch me that hairbrush now.' Peri knows that tone of voice. Head drooping, she does as she is told, knowing all the while what is about to happen. She returns and unwillingly hands the woodenbacked brush to Howard. He seats himself, and starts to lecture her, tapping the back of the hairbrush against his palm while she stands restlessly before him: Morocco isn't going anywhere, she has her whole life to see it, but right now she has to concentrate on her studies, and what she does \*not\* do is make big plans like this and tell him and her mom about it later. 'And that's why you're being spanked,' he concludes, then takes her by the shoulder and turns her over his lap.

With her skimpily covered bottom upturned and vulnerable, Peri still misjudges the situation enough to argue. 'You're not my real dad,' she protests, ' You can't do this to me!' That's all she can think of, but what a futile thing to say when it's obvious that Howard has done this many times before! But then Peri will always try to talk her way out of a spanking when it is long past being inevitable. So Howard's only reply is to bring the back of the hairbrush smacking down across her tight bikini bottoms. Peri lies across his knee and yells as her round bottom bounces with each impact. Again and again the hairbrush comes down. Howard's grip is tight around Peri's bare waist, and all she can do is wail and kick ineffectually. Finally the spanking is over, and he sets her on her feet.

'Right, Peri, you're grounded,' says Howard.

'We're on a boat, Howard,' sasses Peri, then bites her tongue as he raises the hairbrush again. With a smile, he hands it to her. 'Put it away now,' he says. 'I'm going ashore. You're staying on board to think things over. And while you're here, you can tidy the place up. Sweep the deck, put the relics in order, that kind of thing.' He steps over the side and nimbly unties into the motorboat, leaving Peri standing helplessly on deck.

Peri's feistiness returns now she's out of immediate peril. As Howard chugs away back to the island, she shouts after him, 'You won't get away with this.'

'Morocco's not going anywhere,' replies Howard. 'You just concentrate

on getting the ship cleaned up. Because if I get back and find a mess, there's going to be another spanking.'

Peri's hands fly to rub her sore bottom, which must now be the same color as her hot pink bikini panties. She opens her mouth to shout something else uncomplimentary, but Howard is out of earshot.

She sets about her appointed chore, sorting thru the broken shards of pottery and marble. She has a strong suspicion that, when he returns, Howard will find fault with something whatever she does. She \*really\* doesn't want to be spanked - ever again. Petulantly, she sweeps the archeologist's finds off the table. One of the two intact pots smashes to smithereens on the deck, the other bounces towards the sea. Peri makes a dive, but it falls overboard before she can reach it. The threatened spanking now looks inevitable.

Peri casts her eye across the ruins of the specimens. Howard is always so careful about his finds. She knows just how angry he will be. Then her eye lights on her salvation: the metal artefact which just came up from the wreck. Howard had speculated that it could be platinum...

She has nothing to lose. If she's still there when Howard gets back, she will certainly get the soundest spanking she's ever had. Taking the platinum artefact won't make things any worse: if she's caught, it will still mean a spanking, but if she gets away with it she can sell the platinum and use the proceeds to fund her adventure in Morocco. Result: no more Professor Howard Foster and no more spankings for Miss Perpugilliam Brown. She starts looking around for a bag...

And so we leave Peri to travel the story's televised course, stealing the Trion artefact but almost drowning in the process, meeting a different couple of 'English' guys and heading off on a journey to places far more exotic than Africa. What she doesn't know, of course, is that the Doctor will turn out to have views on discipline which are not far removed from those of her stepfather...